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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

# The BOYS™

## SIXTY-NINE

DA RI CK 2012

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In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Story by:
GARTH ENNIS

Art by:
RUSS BRAUN

Letters by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Colors by:
TONY AVIÑA

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

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**Joe Rybandt**, Editor
**Josh Johnson**, Creative Director
**Rich Young**, Director Business Development
**Jason Ullmeyer**, Senior Designer
**Josh Green**, Traffic Coordinator
**Chris Caniano**, Production Assistant

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OH, GOD...

WHAT'S WRONG?

THIS. IT'S THIS.

JESUS, I'M THE FACE OF IT NOW.

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

WILL I...?

IT'S STILL EARLY. COME BACK TO BED FOR A WHILE.

The Washington

Vought-American feels fury over "super-terrorism"

Vought exec Jess Bradley in a brush with a protestor, minutes before her testimony to congressional committee

Opposition calls move to quell protests 'a declaration of war'

A TRIPLE CATASTROPHE

Quake upgraded to 9.0, fourth largest since 1900

Villanous Occupying Übermen

LET ME SEE IF I CAN TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THINGS.

# THE BLOODY DOORS OFF

## part four

FRENCHIE, YOU--YOU'RE NO'--

I AM AFRAID SO, MON BRAVE.

AW, NO.

AW, JESUS.

THAT'S IT, THEN. IT'S HIM. IT'S HIM AN' HE'S DOIN' IT.

WE CAN'T KEEP THIS TO OURSELVES NOW, WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO HAND OVER TO RAYNER, OR MONKEY--

PETIT HUGHIE, THAT IS NOT A GOOD IDEA.

EVEN NOW WE MUST THINK CLEARLY. THE BOYS ARE MEANT TO BE DENIABLE.

IF M'SIEU CHARCUTER *HAS* TRULY LEFT THE RAILS, AND MADAM RAYNER GETS TO HEAR ABOUT IT, SHE WILL PANIC. HER SENATE RUN BEGINS THIS YEAR, N'EST-CE PAS?

ONE CALL FROM HER AND WE ARE FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE. DANGEROUS CRIMINALS. EVERY SWAT TEAM IN AMERICA WILL BE TOLD TO SHOOT ON SIGHT.

WE CAN EVADE OR FIGHT, BUT NOT WHILE HUNTING M'SIEU CHARCUTER. AND THE NOTION OF SUCH IGNORANT AMATEURS FINDING **HIM**, WITH TACTICS FROM THE FILMS OF M'SIEU BAY...

AW SHITE, IT'S US.

IT'S FUCKIN' GOT TO BE US.

YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU KNOW, I HADN'T THOUGHT OF **ANY** O' THAT...

YOUR OLD CHUM FRENCHIE LISTENS MORE THAN YOU MIGHT THINK.

AYE.

I'M SORRY I'M NO' THERE, FRENCHIE. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ARE YOU?

I HAVE BEEN WORSE. RARELY, BUT I HAVE BEEN WORSE.

LES GENDARMES WERE TROUBLESOME AT FIRST. IT SEEMS OUR CLEARANCE WAS CANCELLED RECENTLY, THEN REINSTATED.

MONKEY...

OUI. ALL IS IN ORDER NOW.

EXCEPT THAT IT WILL NEVER BE AGAIN.

NYPD

NO.

PETIT HUGHIE... YOU KNOW THAT HE WOULD WANT US NEITHER TO FLAG NOR FAIL, YES?

LE GRAND HOMME. HE WOULD BE MOST DISPLEASED.

I--I JUST--

OH, I KEN THAT, FRENCHIE.

TAKE HEART.

WHERE ARE YOU AND WHAT HAVE YOU DISCOVERED?

I'M...WELL, I'VE...I'M ACTUALLY UP IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THAT. I'M IN THE MIDDLE O' THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, I DROVE ALL BLOODY NIGHT.

POURQUOI?

WELL.

FIRST OF ALL, THE D.M.V. WAS A DEAD LOSS. I GOT NUMBERS FOR A COUPLA THE TRUCKERS, BUT ALL THEY SAID WAS THEY DROVE THE STUFF FROM TAMPA TO WEE AIRFIELDS DOTTED AROUND THE COUNTRY. NEAR DALLAS, L.A., PORTLAND AN' BOSTON.

SWEETIE?

SWEETIE, ARE YOU OKAY?

DO YOU WANT ME TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO...?

NO RECIPIENTS, THEY JUST UNHOOKED THE CONTAINERS AN' DROVE OFF, LIKE THEY'D--

UN MOMENT.

MA'AMSELLE? **NON.**

PARDON, MAIS C'EST TRES DANGEREUX.

EH?

NO RECIPIENTS. PAYMENT?

WIRED TO EACH GUY'S LOCAL WESTERN UNION. THAT WAS WHERE IT STARTED GETTIN' TRICKY, TWO O' THEM ASKED ME IF THEY'D BE NEEDIN' LAWYERS...

THERE WILL BE NO POINT VISITING THOSE AIRFIELDS, OF COURSE. THE MATERIEL WILL BE LONG GONE.

ONE THING I DID THINK OF: IF HE IS USIN' AGENCY PILOTS...

I WILL LOOK INTO THAT.

SO WHY NEW HAMPSHIRE?

"OH, WELL, ONCE I HIT A WALL WI' THE SHIPMENT O' V, I STARTED THINKIN' ABOUT VOGELBAUM AGAIN.

"M.M. AN' I WERE, WE, WE WERE SAYIN' IT WASN'T TOO LIKELY MALLORY'D'VE USED A PROPER AGENCY SAFEHOUSE. HE WAS TRYNNA KEEP A LOT O' THAT STUFF FROM HIS BOSS AT THE TIME.

"BUT THEN I REMEMBERED HIM TELLIN' ME HIS FAMILY WAS RICH..."

AN' I THOUGHT HANG ON, WHAT IF THE ARROGANT PRICK JUST BOUGHT A PLACE HIMSELF, OR USED ONE HE ALREADY OWNED...

AND LE COLONEL ATTENDED DARTMOUTH... WHICH IS IN...

I THOUGHT IT WAS WORTH A GO, AT LEAST.

I DID A WEE SEARCH. EITHER THE MALLORYS ARE FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE OR JUST BLOODY CLOSE TO IT, THEY OWN PROPERTY ALL OVER THE STATE. THEN I REMEMBERED MALLORY THOUGHT VOGELBAUM DIED ABOUT TWELVE YEARS AGO.

I WENT BACK A BIT. THERE'S A HIGHLY DESIRABLE WEE PLACE WENT ON THE MARKET AROUND ABOUT THAT TIME, SOLD BY G.D. MALLORY TO A PRIVATE BUYER...

VERY PRIVATE, I AM SURE.

IF THE OLD MAN LIVES, RETURN WITH HIM AT ONCE. AND PETIT HUGHIE?

AYE?

BE CAREFUL.

"AYE, FRENCHIE... THERE'S ONE OTHER THING I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT."

"OUI?"

"I'VE, UH, I'VE NO' BEEN ABLE TO STOP THINKIN' ABOUT IT SINCE ALL THIS STARTED. MAYBE EVEN BACK BEFORE THAT."

"SO...?"

"IF...IF IT REALLY CAME TO IT. LIKE IF THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY. WOULD WE BE ABLE TO... LIKE...*HANDLE* BUTCHER?"

"HMMM. MOI--POSSIBLY. IF THE PLANETS WERE ALIGNED CORRECTLY. LA FEMME--OUI, ASSUMING THE ENCOUNTER STARTED FACE TO FACE."

"AND...?"

"YOU?"

"HE WOULD REMOVE YOUR ARMS AND LEGS AND RE-INSERT THEM IN THE WRONG SOCKETS."

WAAH!

Butcher
mobile

Decline

Answer

HUH

HEL

YOU EVER BEEN HIT IN THE FACE, HUGHIE?

WELL, UH... ONE O' THE G-WIZ FELLAS PUNCHED ME, THAT WAS PRETTY--

NAH, HE WAS A CUNT. I MEAN REALLY FUCKIN' HIT, LIKE **WALLOP** AN' YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.

GETS YER ATTENTION, I CAN TELL YOU. LETS YOU KNOW WHERE YOU STAND. YOU LOOK THE OTHER BLOKE IN THE EYE AN' FUCK ME, THE TWO O' YOU ALMOST RESPECT EACH OTHER...

WH... WHAT...?

GOOD, HARD, SMACK IN THE MOUTH. YOU EVER HAD THAT?

'COURSE, SOMEONE LIKE YOU, I THINK IT MIGHT JUST MAKE YOU MORE NERVOUS.

HAVE YOU FLINCHIN' TWICE AS MUCH, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

LISTEN, WHY'RE YOU *DOIN' THIS...?*

GOTTA FINISH THE JOB, HUGHIE.

BUT AFTER ALL THIS TIME, ALL OF US TOGETHER--I MEAN *M.M.*, FOR GOD'S SAKE...!

HE TRIED TO STOP ME.

HOW'S VOGELBAUM LOOK?

HE... WELL, HE...

UM... NO' TEN YEARS DEAD, ANYWAY, I SUPPOSE.

NOT A HUNDRED AN' THIRTEEN, NEITHER. AMAZIN' WHAT A FEW SHOTS O' V CAN DO FOR A BLOKE.

WHAT'D MALLORY TELL YOU HAPPENED TO HIM, JUST AS A MATTER OF INTEREST?

HE, HE SAID YOU BIT HIS THROAT OUT. HE SAW YOU COME OUT THE HOUSE AN' SPIT A LUMP O' MEAT IN THE DRIVEWAY.

HA HA HA HA, IT WAS FUCKIN' RASPBERRY JAM...!

I HAD THE IDEA ON THE WAY THERE, I THOUGHT--HANG ABOUT, THE WORLD EXPERT ON COMPOUND V, THE MAN WHO FUCKIN' INVENTED IT, AN' WE'RE JUST GONNA DO HIM IN? I MEAN I DUNNO, THAT MIGHTA BEEN WHEN I FIRST TWIGGED MALLORY'S HEART WEREN'T IN IT A HUNDRED PERCENT.

SO I WENT IN AN' FOUND THE POOR OL' CUNT AN' HE NEARLY HAD A HEART ATTACK THERE AN' THEN. I SAID ALL RIGHT, MATE, YOU JUST KEEP SCHTUM AN' WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN MAKE THIS LOOK CONVINCIN'.

I FOUND THE JAM IN THE FRIDGE.

BIT HIS THROAT OUT, FOR FUCK'S SAKE...!

BUT THAT WAS THE THING WITH MALLORY. THAT FUCKIN' TINKER-TAILOR-SOLDIER WORLD OF HIS, YOU COULD GET HIM BELIEVIN' ANYTHING IF YOU GOT IT LOOKIN' SINISTER ENOUGH.

WHAT'D YOU TELL VOGELBAUM...?

YOU'RE FADIN' OUT A BIT, MATE. YOU DOWN IN THE LAB?

YOU AIN'T GONNA FIND NOTHIN' USEFUL THERE, I TOOK ALL HIS NOTES AN' THAT WHEN I LEFT.

WHAT'D I TELL HIM...I SAID LOOK, GRANDAD, I'LL MAKE YOU THE SAME DEAL MALLORY DID. YOU CAN HAVE THE HOUSE, YOU CAN DO YER EXPERIMENTS, AS FAR AS THE WORLD'S CONCERNED YOU'LL BE DEAD.

BUT NOW YOU'LL BE WORKIN' FOR ME, WON'T YOU? WHICH MEANS YOU CAN GET TO WORK ON A WAY TO SORT OUT THE SUPES...

AYE, YOU'VE IT ALL WORKED OUT, DON'T YOU?

WELL, I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT IT FOR QUITE A WHILE. STASHED AWAY ALL THE BITS AN' PIECES I THOUGHT I MIGHT NEED.

LIKE FUCKIN' D.U. WARHEADS FOR AN R.P.G.-7?

LISTEN TO YOU WITH ALL THE TECHNICAL KNOW-HOW!

YEAH, THINGS LIKE THAT. AN' LISTEN, I DUNNO HOW FAR ALONG YOU ARE WITH THIS, BUT I DIDN'T USE C.I.A. PILOTS TO FLY THE STUFF EVERYWHERE.

I MEAN I USED COMPANY MONEY, YEAH, BUT I HIRED PRIVATE PILOTS--SORT O' BLOKES KNOW NOT TO ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT THE FUNNY BIG CRATES THEY HAVE TO DROP OFF. SO YOU AIN'T GOT A HOPE O' TRACIN' THEM BEFORE THE BIG DAY.

I KNOW YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME THE REST OF IT...

I.E.D.S, HIDDEN ALL OVER THE WORLD. CHAIN DETONATION, SUPPOSED TO...HANG ON, I GOT HIM TO WRITE IT DOWN FOR ME.

FORTY PERCENT ATMOSPHERIC COVERAGE INSIDE THE FIRST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. WIND, CURRENTS AN' THE FOOD CHAIN'RE MEANT TO TAKE CARE O' THE REST.

COMPLETELY EFFECTIVE IN... SIX OR SEVEN MONTHS.

EVERYONE BLOODY DIES.

EVERY SUPE DIES.

EVERY HUMAN BEIN', EVERY LIVIN' THING WI' EVEN A HINT O' V IN THEIR SYSTEMS. EVERYONE. WEE KIDS. US.

FOR FUCK'S SAKE, YOU'RE OUTTA YER MIND! YOU'RE MAKIN' YERSELF INTO A MONSTER! YOU'RE MAD!

I'M DOIN' WHAT HAS TO BE DONE, HUGHIE.

THEY'RE A STAIN ON THE WORLD. A FUCKIN' CANCER.

NO THEY'RE NO', THEY'RE JUST *WANKERS*...!

LOOK, I KNOW THEY WENT A BIT OUTTA CONTROL, BUT--

A BIT **WHAT?** HAVE YOU BEEN PAYIN' ATTENTION FOR THE LAST TWO BLEEDIN' YEARS?

OH, JESUS. WHY DID YOU BRING ME INTO THIS, IF ALL YOU WERE GONNA DO ALL ALONG WAS...?

IT'S FUCKIN' EVIL BEYOND DESCRIPTION. IT'S ***DESPICABLE.*** IT'S LIKE THE NAZIS KILLIN' THE JEWS OR WHATEVER, JUST WIPIN' EVERYBODY OUT...!

MORE LIKE THE JEWS KILLIN' THE NAZIS, IF YOU STOP AN' THINK ABOUT IT.

THE JEWS WOULDN'T'VE KILLED LOADS AN' LOADS OF INNOCENT FOLK WHILE THEY WERE AT IT...!

WOULDN'T THEY?

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH GETTIN' RID O' THE REAL CUNTS, MATE. YOU'VE GOTTA BURN 'EM OUT.

HEH. YOU REALLY ARE FUCKIN' HOPELESS, AIN'T YOU, HUGHIE?

ALL THAT INSIDER GEN MALLORY GAVE YOU, EVERYTHING ELSE YOU'VE LEARNED IN THIS BLOODY JOB, AN' YOU CAN'T DO FUCK ALL WITH IT. IT'S LIKE IT'S SHIT IN YOUR HANDS.

WHEN SOMEONE GIVES YOU A WEAPON, SON: YOU USE IT.

I DUNNO.

ALL RIGHT, TRY THIS ONE ON FOR SIZE. HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE THERE?

EH?

I'M STANDIN' HERE TALKIN' TO YOU...I'M...

NO, HUGHIE.

HOW DO I KNOW.

YOU'RE THERE.

...ET LES TACOS DE POULET POUR LA FEMME. MM? AH...SURPRISE ME.

*ALL YOU ARE GOOD FOR?* QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST?

OUI. MM. OUI, OUI. MM-HMM.

DID YOU *LITERALLY* PISS YOURSELF?

WELL, THEN YOU ARE NOT COMPLETELY COWARDLY. AND AS FOR USELESS--THE MAN WAS DEAD, HIS NOTES WERE GONE. THAT HE CAN TELL US NOTHING IS NOT YOUR FAULT; YOU HAD THE THOUGHT TOO LATE, BUT NOTHING OF THE KIND OCCURRED TO ME AT ALL.

GARCON ETRANGE.

HMH.

SO.

VAS AND HIS R.O.C. CONNECTION: MORT.

SHIPMENTS TO THE U.S.A: COMPLETE.

DRIVERS TO AIRFIELDS: UNAWARE.

AIRCREW: CANNOT BE FOUND.

VOGELBAUM: MORT.

LA LEGENDE, VOTRE NUMBER ONE SOURCE: MORT.

LAIT DE LA MERE, LE GRAND DETECTIVE: MORT.

LE SINGE: WILL PANIC IN AN INSTANT.

DID I HELP?

OST SECRET

USERNAME:

PASSWORD:

CONFIRM:

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

D STATES OF AMERICA

LET ME HELP, I SAID, AND SMILED AND GESTURED.

I HELPED YOU BE A PART OF WHAT WE WERE.

BUT DID I HELP?

SHIT.

MIND YER HEAD, MY SON.

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

00:02

JE T'AIME.

FROM THE FIRST.

WHY DID YOU BRING ME INTO THIS

IF ALL YOU WERE GONNA DO ALL ALONG WAS

...'CAUSE YOU'RE GOOD AT IT.

YOU LIKE IT.

YOU'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE, SO YOU WANT IT.

ALL THAT, AN' I ALWAYS WANTED A LITTLE BROTHER.

EVERYTHING HE DOES OR SAYS SERVES WHATEVER IT IS HE GOT PLANNED. HE DON'T WASTE NOTHIN'--NOT TIME, NOT WORDS, NOT EFFORT.

NOT EVEN A GODDAMN SMILE, HUGHIE.

HUGHIE... ARE YOU SCARED O' ME?

I TALK TO YOU LIKE YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER ONE O' THESE NUTTERS, WHEN THAT'S THE LAST BLEEDIN' THING YOU ARE. YOU'RE AN ORDINARY BLOKE.

FUCKIN' DECENT ONE, INTO THE BARGAIN.

YOU'RE ME MATE.

HOW MANY BLEEDIN' TALKS'VE WE HAD THAT START WITH YOU THINKIN' ABOUT THE WAY THINGS ARE? YOU CAN'T HANDLE THIS, YOU DON'T LIKE THAT, YOU NEED MORE FUCKIN' TIME OFF.

IS THERE ANY CHANCE AT ALL O' YOU FINALLY TWIGGIN' WHAT WE DO HERE AN' SORTIN' YERSELF OUT? AN' ONCE AN' FOR FUCKIN' ALL, ***MAKIN' YER MIND UP...?***

ALL I'VE BEEN DOIN'S TRYNNA TOUGHEN YOU UP, MATE. I JUST CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT O' YOU GETTIN' HURT.

'COS THIS FUCKIN' WORLD'LL EAT YOU ALIVE IF YOU LET IT.

ONE BROTHER, DIED IN AN ACCIDENT AGED NINETEEN. MOTHER DIED RECENTLY. FATHER STILL ALIVE.

WAS HIS BROTHER YOUNGER OR OLDER...?

BORN TWO YEARS AFTER HE WAS.

THOSE ARE THE DETAILS I WAS ABLE TO GLEAN BEFORE MEETING HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME. AS WELL AS THE AUTOPSY ON HIS WIFE, WHICH I READ CAREFULLY AND WHICH LEFT ME THOROUGHLY APPALLED.

IT'S WORTH NOTING THAT THERE'S NO RECORD OF THE ASSAULTS HE COMMITTED CONTINUING AFTER HE LEFT THE MILITARY. WHICH EITHER MEANS HE WAS VERY LUCKY, OR...

I CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN, BUT I SUSPECT REBECCA BUTCHER WAS A SPECIAL WOMAN. IT'S POSSIBLE THAT HER DEATH WAS ONE OF TWO TRAGEDIES.

YOU REALLY ARE FUCKIN' HOPELESS, AIN'T YOU, HUGHIE?

OH MY FUCKIN' GOD ALMIGHTY.

I'M SUPPOSED TO STOP YOU.

next: THE NAME OF THE GAME